

**WATERPROOFS into
BARRAGE BALLOONS**



...PART OF THE

DUNLOP

WAR EFFORT

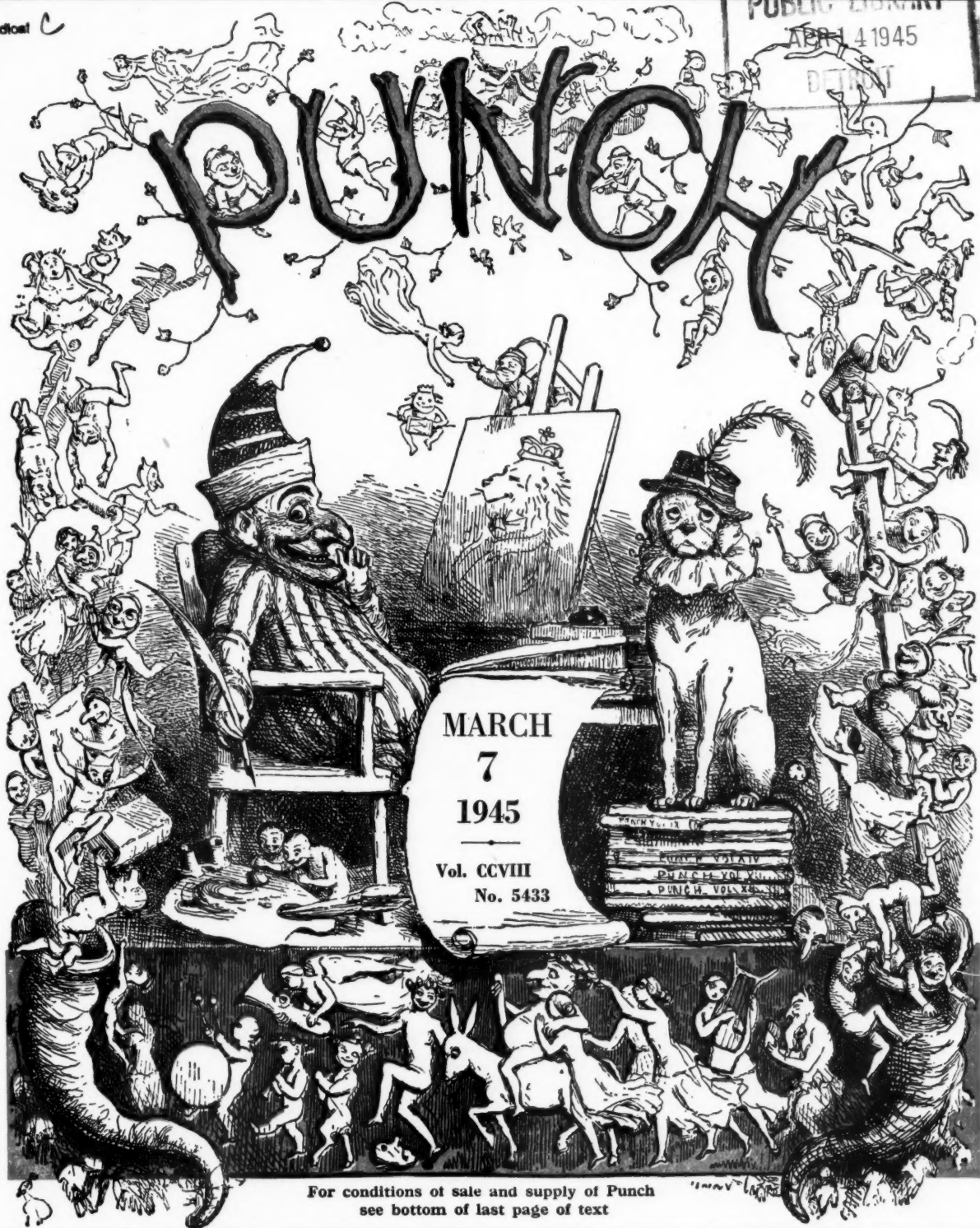
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Periodical C



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

Fit "Triplex"—and be safe

Regd



Whatever form the future Rover cars may take, the immediate post-war models will be very like those of 1940. We shall hold tight to the proven excellence of the past, while examining the prospects which lie ahead.

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED COVENTRY AND DEVONSHIRE HOUSE LONDON

CVS-383

ON LEAVE OVERSEAS

*How the
Y.M.C.A. helps*

Comfort and relaxation for 'short
leave' men unable to travel home.



A number of hotels in Paris and Brussels have been taken over by the military authorities. The Y.M.C.A. has been entrusted with the job of running these hotels as leave hostels where men from the battlefield can find comfort, relaxation and recreation.

This is just one more link in an unbroken chain of Y.M.C.A. service from training camp to front line. You can help in this great task. It costs a lot of money. Won't you send a contribution today?

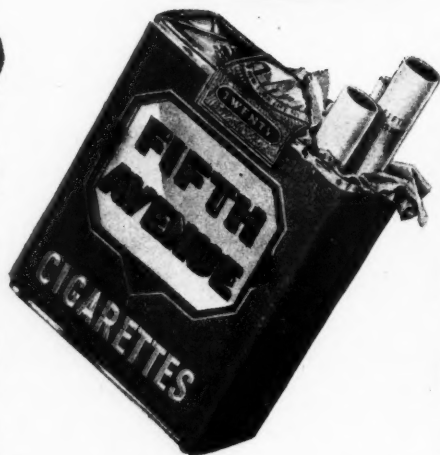
**THE Y.M.C.A. WAR AND
NATIONAL SERVICE FUND**

112 GT. RUSSELL ST., LONDON, W.C.1
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

*Unexcelled
for
Tea Time Sandwiches*



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL LTD**



Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4

173 New Bond Street, W.1





The Real Princess

HANS Andersen wrote a very charming little fairy tale about The Real Princess who slept so very badly because there was a pea hidden under her bedding!

Many of us are just as fastidious about our bedding—and for them we are now planning post-war "MODERNA" Blankets.

They are to be lovelier even than pre-war. Softest lamb's wool in the newest of pastel shades; unshrinkable and free from that new-blanket smell! They really will be "The Blanket of your Dreams."

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Blankets for
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(Supplied only through Retail Stores)

THOMAS RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD.
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FOR QUICKER, SMOOTHER, COOLER SHAVES

Change to COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

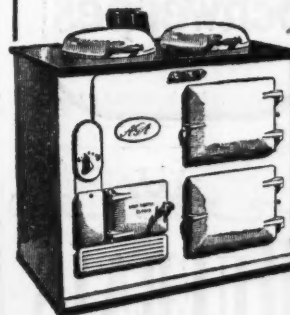
SOMETIMES
HARD TO GET
— ALWAYS EASY
TO USE



Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water)—for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

STORED HEAT IN THE AGA COOKER



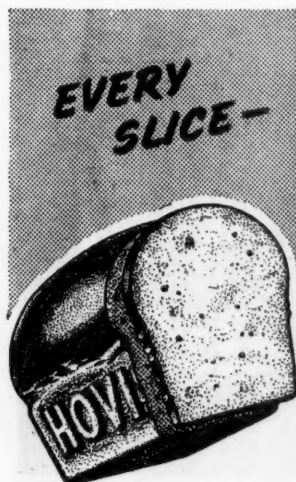
means exact temperatures controlled thermostatically in the oven and hot plates, ready for immediate use whenever required. This heat storage is maintained by two light stokings in 24 hours and the exact fuel requirements of the Aga Cooker can be accurately assessed in advance.

To keep it spotless, it is only necessary to wipe it with a damp cloth or a duster.

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Regd. Trade Mark

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is always nice

HōVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield



THE PILOT WITH THREE EYES

His third eye—radio! It sees in the dark—enables night-fighters to stalk enemy planes and our bombers to prang cloud-hidden targets. Because of the great strides made in this war by British radio-electronics you will eventually benefit. The vast new experience gathered by G.E.C. in pioneering, developing and manufacturing radio apparatus for the Services will be applied to the making of the future's finest radio and television sets after the war.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

'THE SOUND AND SIGHT OF THE FUTURE'

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"Then shall our
name(s) familiar ...
as household words

Be in their
flowing cups freshly
remembered"

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Special
VINEGARS

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21, St. James Sq., London, S.W.1

You like Biscuits



And wisely too. For biscuits are crammed full of nourishing ingredients. The experts refer to carbo-hydrates, proteins, and fats. What that means to you is a restoration of energy when you're tired; a satisfactory maintenance of stamina when there's a job to be done; and an excellent food that is easy on the digestion. In fact, it's true to say about biscuits that

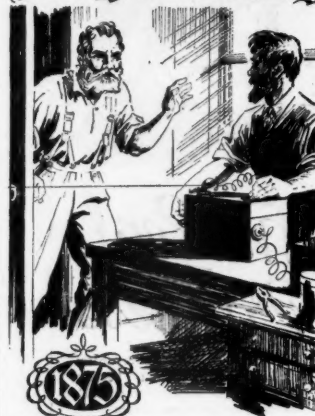


... they like you!

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-106

History in the making



70 years

before Dr. Alexander Graham Bell stumbled upon the discovery which gave the world the telephone, the firm of Seager Evans was founded. With a record of 140 years of fine distilling, they still produce the unrivalled

**SEAGERS
GIN**

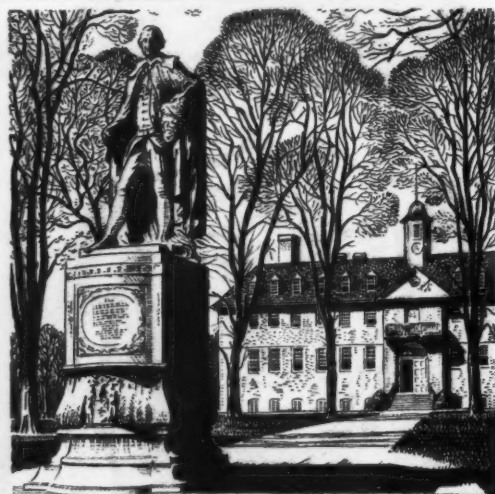
25/3
Full size
bottle

ESTD



13/3
Half
bottle

1805



It is pleasant to reflect that England and America share a common classical architecture. It is not so well known, however, that the U.S.A. possesses a noble building actually designed by Wren—the Wren building at Williamsburg. Brilliantly restored, this stately building is of the greatest interest—and is outstanding, on both sides of the Atlantic, as an example of the "William and Mary" style.

Celotex Limited, makers of Insulating, Building and Hard Boards look forward to their part in the great task of reconstruction in Great Britain. Their knowledge, experience and technical skill will be at the disposal of architects, planning authorities, industrialists and private clients.

CELOTEX

CELOTEX LIMITED, N. CIRCULAR RD., STONEBRIDGE PK., LONDON, N.W.10
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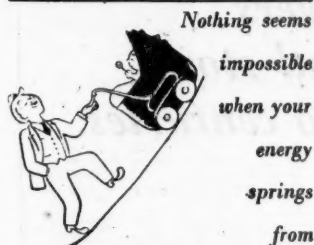
**Somebody's coming to
tea ... will there be muffins
with lots of butter? The
silver service is on duty,
sparkling with pride and
lovelier than ever. Nora's
so proud and careful of
her silver. She always
cleans it with SILVO**



*The Secrets
of 100 years
blended
subtly in*

ORIGINAL
**FRENCH
ALMONDS**

MADE BY
Craven's
York
EST. 1822



Nothing seems
impossible
when your
energy
springs
from

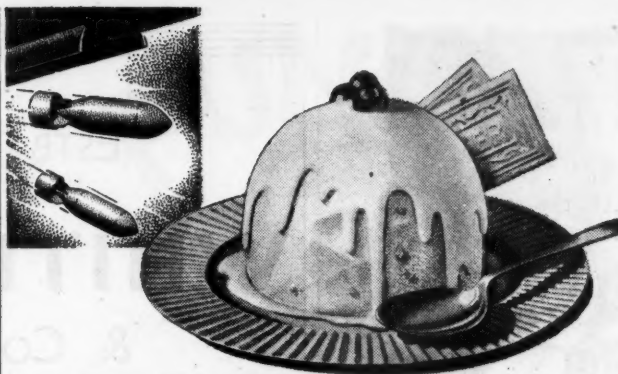
TUROG
BROWN BREAD



This world famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmores St. W.1



bombe glacée

That first ice-cream from your post-war Prestcold—capped with a maraschino cherry, with real Devonshire cream curling thickly over its smooth, round shape—yes, that'll be a thrill indeed. But the time for that thrill is not quite yet. To-day, all Prestcold's vast resources are tuned to sterner needs—accelerating the production of aero engines and instruments, photographic and radio apparatus, aeroplane tyres and steel for tanks—to name but a few. And not until the last accurately directed bomb has fallen on Germany can the first bombe glacée come from your Prestcold. But the experience of war is not wasted. The constant research and technical advances made by Prestcold technicians and engineers to-day will be reflected in better—and cheaper—domestic refrigerators to-morrow.

PRESTCOLD

DOMESTIC, COMMERCIAL, INDUSTRIAL
BIOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL

Refrigeration



A PRODUCT OF THE PRESSED STEEL CO. LTD • COWLEY • OXFORD

*Famous for Fine
Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES
FROM
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Jacqmar
Sailings, Tweeds
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BALKAN SOBRANIE
CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

**THIS
ENGLAND...**

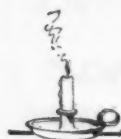
A memory of blue hills and really green fields? A snap taken in a suburban garden? The thump of bat and ball or the cheers that glory in a try?... For ourselves, in the sixth year of war, it is a simple wish. To be alone once more in a deep arm-chair, a log fire toasting toes, and ready to hand, a favourite briar to be filled circumspectly with *Balkan Sobranie* and smoked slowly and peacefully with infinite satisfaction...



SOBRANIE LTD LONDON, E.C.1



BEDTIME STORY. The day has been full of fun and now one more chapter of a bedtime story. Then it's time for a cup of OXO and happily to bed.



Prepared from

PRIME RICH BEEF



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Makers of High-Quality Biscuits

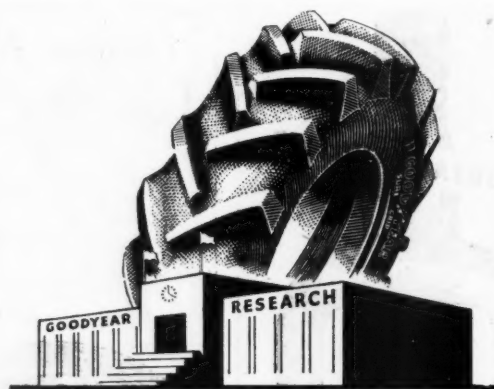
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ESTB. 1742

WHITBREAD

& Co. LTD.

*Brewers
of ale and stout
for over two centuries*



No such thing as "good enough"

It has always been a Goodyear principle that nothing is good enough that can be made better. Goodyear experience has been that the source of betterment is less often the materials used than what is done with them. Working on this premise, Goodyear were able to develop and pioneer the Giant Pneumatic, a tyre now famous all over the world. From this was evolved the outstanding tyre for

farm tractors—the "Sure-Grip"—with its remarkable self-cleaning, open-centre tread. These tyres have played no small part in the successful development of many of the modern farming vehicles that have, in the last decade, revolutionised the business of farming. They represent just another example of the ceaseless research that goes on in the Goodyear Laboratories.

Another

GOOD YEAR

contribution to progress



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCVIII No. 5433

March 7, 1945

Charivaria

THE Berlin radio recently announced that German soldiers would soon be landing behind the Russian lines by parachute. At present they are managing to land there without them.

A neutral correspondent describes Hitler as now suffering from loss of memory. Never mind. The Russians have plenty of it.

Hitler promises the Germans a turning-point this year. They will be issued with it when the rations run out.

Three new German peace groups have raised their heads. They have been in the last ditch so long they think Hitler must have by-passed it.

SUNDAY NEXT 'OOMPH GIRL'



In the view of one official, the lot of rail passengers will be improved by leaps and bounds. To say nothing of pushing and shoving.

"I drank some whisky before going to bed and in the morning I had the flu," says a correspondent. Some doctors hold that the flu is a perfect antidote to whisky.

A small boy was seen smoking a pipe in Guildford, Surrey. He hopes that it will help to convince the cinema box-office attendant on Sunday about his age.

Britain's latest helicopter will turn, climb, hover or go into reverse on operation of a single lever. So the pilot does not have to search around for his excuses.



"There was also a bad freeze up and burst pipes to add to the troubles. All the water they had was what the milkman brought twice a day."—*Notts paper*.
Point is, what did he call it?

"Millions of people will have their first experience of television after the war," says a writer. What a thrill to see the gramophone record too!

Laval is reported to have been called up for service in the *Volkssturm*. But he will have to provide his own beard.

The Germans have made a film about Allied air raids on Berlin. One thing about this is, it gets more topical at every performance.

Lady Astor wants tea, coffee and cocoa to be served in licensed premises. At least it would be one way of turning the beer to good account.

"When it is stated that the inimical Mr. John Brown will be in charge, those 'in the know' are quite sure that the occasion will be a most enjoyable one."
From an *Association's* magazine.

The rest of us might have doubts...

This year's Ides of March will be thicker.



We understand that a new Technicolor film is to be made from the radio version of the play adapted from the novel based on the silent picture of the same name.

"Horizontal stripes have the effect of making the wearer look bigger," declares a fashion writer. Blackheath have always endeavoured to overawe the Harlequins by this method.

Seeing a House

"YOU'LL have to give the front gate a good push," said the man from whom I got the key.

I gave it it. The top of the gate bent back, but the lower part remained immovable.

We both gave the front gate a good push, acting in unison. It was a wooden gate. The top part broke off completely and fell into the garden.

"I thought it would be a bit stiff," said the man. We climbed over and walked up the path to the house.

It had been a good house. It must have been, because the man said so.

"My wife," he said, "lived in this house. It nearly broke her heart to leave it."

This saddened me, but I rallied. She may, I thought, have had rather a brittle heart.

He told me about the bomb damage, but I did not listen very earnestly. It was clear to me, because of the bits of the house that had fallen off into the garden, and because of the boards that covered the windows, that the house had been harmed. I was trying the lock of the front door.

"It sticks a little," said the man. "Let me have it."

Apparently, by putting the key in the lock upside down and shifting it about a little, and half pulling it out, and a quarter pushing it in again, the lock could be taken unawares.

"There!" said the man proudly.

I turned the handle of the front door and ent—

I turned the handle of the front door and pushed.

"It's the damp, I think," said the man.

I said it was the very word I was about to use myself.

We both flung our weight against the front door, and it opened about two feet inwards. We squeezed inside.

"It'll get easier after a bit," said the man. "Look, it shuts perfectly now."

We went into the first room on the left.

"This is the dining-room," said the man.

He spoke rather like Columbus discovering America. The room was full of glass and wood and plaster and bits of string. Pieces of the ceiling had fallen. The wall-paper had peeled. There was a smell of dry-rot in the air.

"The sun," he said, "used to stream into this room while we breakfasted. My daughter was never tired of looking at the view over the common, with the church beyond, from the windows of this room."

I pulled aside a piece of board. In the drizzling rain that half obscured the landscape a girl in overalls was doing something or other to a lorry in front of a row of Nissen huts. "I see," I said.

I looked at the fireplace.

"Somebody has been breakfasting here quite recently,"

I remarked pleasantly, pointing to a broken cup and a potted-meat tin. I felt rather like Little Goldilocks in the house of the Three Bears.

"It's the men," he said. "That's the worst of them. They will strip off the wainscoting to make their tea."

"What do they do after that?" I said with some curiosity.

"They generally get called off to go somewhere else," said the man. "It's the pool, you see."

I envisaged the men sitting round the pool. I thought of the Lake of Lethe. I thought of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. We went on.

"This is the drawing-room," said the man. "It was a most charming room. My sister-in-law is always longing to come back to this room again."

It was faintly lit from one broken window. The floor was carpeted with rubble, like the floor of the dining-room.

"What do the men do in here?" I asked.

He seemed to think that this was the men's dining-room. I was beginning to grow confused about the proper uses of the various rooms.

"Let's go out and look at the garden," he said. "This door leads straight out into the garden."

We unlocked the door and flung our full weight against it simultaneously.

"Leads' is not the right word," I said sadly. "Are you much hurt?"

"Only a scratch or two." We got up from the grass and looked at the patch of desolate weeds. One corner had apparently been devoted to brussels sprouts, and another to cabbages. They had not repaid that devotion. There was a small bomb-crater in the middle of the garden, and an old bedstead in the bomb-crater.

"It used to be a lovely garden," said the man. "My aunt is always remembering how she enjoyed sitting in this garden during the summer."

I thought I had never met a man with so nostalgic a family.

"Shall we go upstairs?" he said.

I agreed reverently. We went upstairs. I went first.

"Be careful," he shouted. "There are one or two rather shaky— Are you all right?"

I took my leg out of the hole. I wondered if his grandmother was often remembering how she used to stamp about on the stairs. But I did not say so.

We examined the bedrooms. He told me to whom they had each belonged. It was very interesting. I tried to turn a tap in the bathroom, and a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit me on the hat. The rooms looked very dirty and very small. We went down again. We went carefully. We went right down into the kitchen.

"It's a good range," said the man. "My wife—"

But I did not listen to him. There was a lot of wood in the grate, and a broken beer-bottle on the floor, and an old newspaper which seemed to have contained food. Apparently the kitchen was the men's luncheon-room.

We went up to the hall again.

"How long do you suppose it would take to get the whole house done up?" I said.

"Done up?"

"Well, repaired," I substituted.

"Oh, that you can't possibly say. It's the men, you see. They come when they can."

It seemed to me that they were canned when they came. But I didn't say so. I went to the front door.

It is a simple fact in dynamics that it is far, far easier to push a front door open than to pull it open. We both tried in vain. I might have guessed it. We were imprisoned.

"Have you a whistle?" I said, "or do we shout?"

"The only thing to do," said the man, "is to tear away the boards from the dining-room window and jump. We shall have to jump over the basement pit, you know."

We jumped. We fell in the bushes. For some reason or other this seemed to amuse the girl who was still messing about with the lorry on the edge of the common. Perhaps it was partly because we were both smeared with black and white patches from head to foot, and because my hat was knocked in. Still, we got away.

"Well, what do you think about it?" said the man.

"I shall write," I said. As indeed I have. EVOE.



WONDERLAND

"I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."



"You remember my telling you all about my job last month? Well, it's no longer hush-hush."

Ballade of a Foolish Fowl

(A correspondent in "The Field" wants to know why his macaw persists in plucking its feathers out.)

THE bloodshot barons fret above their maps.
This is one year when harvest comes in
Spring.

The mark lies sweating in a new relapse,
And Hitler froths about him like a Thing
Chained up too long in somebody's west
wing.

Only the date, the time remain in doubt.
The bad will swelter and the vile will swing . . .
But my macaw still plucks his feathers out.

Theirs is at last the turn to plug the gaps,
To save their hedgehogs from the sickling,
To fill their bathrooms with their booby
traps,
To tie up all their goods with bits of string,
And wander west, north, south; and I should wring

My hands in horror? So, my blue-eyed lout,
You've mined the Adlon? That sounds promising!
But my macaw still plucks his feathers out.

I sound a trifle cockahoop perhaps.
They may have something jagged in their sling.
There are, again (there always are), the Japs . . .
But once again a road runs to Chungking.
I would not say that we had drawn the sting,
But what a smack we've dealt upon the snout!
Keep me some fireworks and some flowers to fling . . .
But my macaw still plucks his feathers out.

Prince, I can hear a billion belfries ring,
I scent far rumours of tremendous rout.
But vain it is of these delights to sing
When my macaw *will* pluck his feathers out.

Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

XII

"THE night was young," Amos began, "the wine old, the company middle-aged, the wit infantile . . ."
He gulped his drink and sat as if reflecting. At last somebody said "Aren't you going on?" and he replied "Why should I?"

* * * * *

"There was a time, many years ago," said Amos, "when they used to make a great point of declaring that radio announcers were supposed to read the news without any 'tendentious inflection' whatever: the ideal was that the listener should get a flat grey impression as if he were looking at a block of newspaper print, and supply all the necessary 'expression' himself when he had grasped the sense. That this rule has, officially or not, been modified," Amos went on, "I do not have to tell any one of you who has ever heard an announcer pronounce the word" (he took a deep breath and opened his eyes wide) "tremmmendous."

* * * * *

"In fact," he proceeded, "the tendency now is all the other way. It became necessary for a friend of mine recently to broadcast a passage containing the numbers fifty-eight to seventy-two, spoken consecutively, and by the time they'd finished criticising him at rehearsals and telling him to correct the monotony of his intonations he was delivering it like this . . ."

Amos stood up and took his coat off, loosened his collar, rested his hands on the table, bent forward, and began ingratiatingly "Fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty!" He paused and then said slowly and reflectively "Sixty-one . . . sixty-two; sixty-three, sixty-four—sixty-five. Sixty-six. Six—tee—seb'm. Sixty-eight. Sixty-nine! Seventy!" Then with an implied "but" in his tone: "Seventy-one . . ." and finally an angry yell "SEVENTY-TWO!"

Applause broke out, someone crying "Encore! Now give us the upper eighties!" Amos bowed as he put on his coat again and said "Sounds quite controversial, doesn't it?"

* * * * *

"And while I am on the subject of radio, may I warn the radio comedian (as he is often called)," Amos said, looking hard at a member of the company who was suspected of having supplied jokes and even whole scripts for broadcasting, "to beware of that popular device of using the deliberately bad joke as a considered effect? I declare categorically that there never has been and never will be a studio audience capable of differentiating between bad jokes and good. The stratum or solid foundation of half-wits in the audience, as well as practically everybody else in it, will laugh harder than ever at a deliberately bad joke, partly because they honestly think it funny and partly because so much fuss has been made over it in the way of painfully forced laughs and elephantine over-emphasis that even the complete morons can realize the presence of some kind of witticism. So they laugh; and where does the comedian's clever effect go? Down the drain."

He paused and then began to add "Where the whole act—" but checked himself, wrenching his unaccommodating features into a look of benevolence. "I do not wish, after all," he said, "to be unkind."

* * * * *

Once fed himself, Amos is apt to give disconcertingly close attention to the meals of other people. The pub

still provides hot meals over the counter, and any serious hard-headed luncher who complains or even shows signs of being about to complain about his food for reasons Amos considers unjustified has to put up with a good deal of criticism, whether Amos knows him or not.

The most recent example was a pop-eyed little man who sat at the counter in his overcoat and bowler hat and made a face when the barmaid told him the choice for the day: "All we got left is pork luncheon meat or sausages."

Amos watched him like a moth-eaten panther.

"Cor," said the little man. "All right, sausages."

Amos stood up sharply and leaned on the bar at his side. "Have you lost all sense of taste?" he inquired. The little man said "Who, me?"

"Are you under the delusion," Amos said in a grating tone, "that sausages must be better to eat because the other stuff comes out of a tin?"

The little man looked all round, becoming more pop-eyed than ever, and then asked the bar at large "Smatter, did I say sunnick wrong?"

Amos tapped him on the shoulder and said "Can't you taste good meat when you get it? Would you rather have skins full of pepper and dough and bits of rubber? Doesn't your palate tell you anything?"

"What's 'e mean, *palate*?" said the man, looking at us. "Ah!" he added as his sausages arrived. "Pass me the sauce, mate."

Amos panted angrily. When the little man looked at him with sympathy and said "I got a sister-in-law that suffers with the gastric, too," he realized that the only thing to do was to sit down again.

* * * * *

Of a man about whom it might be gently said that he was rather late with his intellectual responses, Amos said "The day the war ends, he'll sign up for a course in aircraft-recognition."

R. M.

Fraternization

"Grubbing"

OFFICER! I wish to speak with you of things to eat. So will I stand up to attention, all correct, in the manner born, not so? Beautiful!

Officer, do not avert your glare! We and you are all the same in having stomachs and I beg you to keep an eye on the stomachs of my two daughters, which, both of them, they are in best appetite.

No, officer, do not have me pushed out! It is a sad business. Give ear! It is all the crimes of the Party, which have taken from my house all my hoardings, even also my tins.

My two daughters, which they don't are believing in the Party, are in want of much food and I can not provide them what is used to.

Also, myself, a Doctor of Philosophy, have not eaten for four hours! So are we wanting, unrational.

Officer! Do not, I beg, overbear me. Can it be that you should wish me and my two daughters, all of us, to go without a meal?

Officer, you have many tins. Officer, between us, no more said, eh? I can speak to you of my cousin, who he pretends not to be a Nazi!

Officer! . . . *Verflucht!*

The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

III—Difficult Years

"WHEN a man marries his troubles begin," runs the old saying, but a woman's troubles begin far sooner, especially if she is beautiful, and poor Mipsie was soon to learn something of the unkindness and misunderstanding from a harsh world which is ever the lot of fair women.

The first unlucky incident was in 1886, when she was fifteen. A new curate—a Mr. Basil Simpson—had just come to Balder. Young, extremely handsome and a fine preacher, he was also exceptionally modest, and seldom looked up from the book of sermons which he read so delightfully. When he did, it was to encounter, in the front pew, the rapt and fervent gaze of one, at any rate, of his hearers. Mipsie, at an impressionable age, was just beginning to experience the emotions and aspirations of budding womanhood. What more natural than that she should be deeply stirred by this new influence? My mother welcomed the signs of a serious outlook in one who, though sweet, had been inclined to be frivolous hitherto, especially when the change was accompanied by a touching humility. Although our religious instruction was all that could be desired—having been undertaken by mama herself—Mipsie declared that she would "like to begin all over again," and begged to be allowed to attend Mr. Simpson's Sunday classes. Accordingly she and I went every week for an hour—and then very often Mipsie would think of some point on which she needed further enlightenment, and would make me wait at the door of the church hall while she ran back to her instructor. She had of course, even at that age, a fine sensitive mind which took a deeper view than did my humbler brain.

So passed spring and summer, and eventually we came to Harvest Festival, in which of course we, as the great house, invariably played a predominant part.

My eldest sister Soppy* was always in charge of church decorations. None knew better than she just how to choose the softest evergreens for the lectern at Christmas, so that my father could read the Lessons without being pricked (she kept the holly for the

choir), or that the vicar had a dread of anything that harboured earwigs. No one could make a sheaf of corn "stay put" as she could. She was older than us, so had had practice with the then fashionable hair chignons of course.

But on this occasion Mipsie insisted on going too, so off the two girls went and returned, after three hours, tired but satisfied. What was our consternation, however, on entering our pew next morning, when the first thing that greeted our horrified gaze was a huge vegetable marrow, reclining against the curate's stall, painted in clear letters "I LOVE YOU," followed by two hearts intertwined and the initials M.C. and B.S.! Who was the perpetrator of the odious joke we never knew—doubtless some jealous village girl—but it was considered by papa to be too invidious to pass unnoticed. Mr. Simpson was consequently removed, and lest Mipsie should be further subjected to tricks in such bad taste she and I were sent, after over a hundred prospectuses had been perused, I believe, to Miss Clamp's well-known school in Shropshire.

It was strange, after always having had our own governesses to order about as we pleased, to be part of an obedient crowd, to wash in a plain white toilet set without the familiar coronet, to walk on grass instead of lawns. Strange—but not unpleasant. The girls were dears and I made lasting friends with several, even one who was a brewer's daughter, though I fear I kept this from mama! But she afterwards married a baronet, so all ended well. As for Mipsie, she soon became a little queen in the school, and whatever she did became the fashion. But once again, alas, her very charm and outstanding personality led to trouble.

The pupils' reading was very strictly guarded by Miss Clamp. Nothing in the nature of a novel was allowed to enter the school, let alone magazines, which were considered dangerous in the extreme. This struck Mipsie as narrow-minded—she was ever the champion of liberties of all kinds—and she soon started to collect books by Ouida, Miss Braddon and others, also to write regularly to *The Girl's Own Mag.* under *nommes de plume* such as "Bashful Husband," "Inquiring

Kitten," or "Keyhole Kate," the letters being posted through the agency of a servant. The replies and the novels Mipsie kept in an old chest in a boxroom. There was a big demand, naturally—in fact Mipsie was forced into charging sixpence for loans, which worried me a little till she told me she was saving the money for foreign missions. She was thus the founder of all lending libraries, only for a worthy cause—a typical stroke of genius.

All would have continued well had not the oak chest been needed for some theatricals. The unusual weight aroused suspicion, the lock was forced open (for Mipsie kept the key) and the contents were discovered!

It was her sweet unselfishness that saved my sister. For she had had, a few days previously, that kind of presentiment that sometimes comes to brilliant people, that she might not be long in the school. Accordingly she had inscribed the name of every girl in the school—except ours—on the flyleaves of every book, so that each schoolfellow should have some memento of her. It was a generous and loving act which repaid the donor a thousandfold; for of course the books were not associated with her, and yet it was impossible to punish the whole school. Had Mipsie been a man she would surely have been an ambassador by now!

The whole episode would have passed with a stern reprimand had it not been that right at the bottom of the chest were suddenly found—*two French novels!* Miss Clamp, I heard, fainted right off at the discovery. When she recovered she summoned the whole school. "Girls," she said sternly, "this matter is no longer one of indiscretion and unladylike behaviour. It is one of crime. It must be sifted to the very bottom." M. D.

The Box

CAPTAIN Sympson and I have been spending another week at Pioneer Corps Depot, which is situated in such a remote part of Egypt that time is about the only thing that can be spent there.

"I'm going to have a box made," said Sympson, as soon as we arrived, "to put all my luggage in when we go on our next tour. It will also be convenient if the war ever reaches the completion of the end, and eventually my age and service group turns out to be considered essential for the rebuilding of industry."

* Sophia, Lady Hogshead

THE CHANGING ATTITUDE OF BRITAIN

Fengress

*"Is that the laundry?"**Is—er—that the laundry?**Is that the—er—laundry?*

Simpson is always getting new containers for his luggage, but they seem to have a curse on them. The original tin portmanteau which he borrowed from his great-aunt Esther when he first came overseas fell off a truck at Durban and was run over by a tank, which made it such a peculiar shape that any clothes packed in it afterwards came out looking bent. So he threw it away and bought two suitcases made of leather guaranteed to last ten years. The leather might have lasted a hundred years but the handles and locks lasted exactly a week. So Simpson bought a tin box with an especially strong lock. The man in Durban who sold it to him said that it was one of the most secure locks he had ever sold, and when Simpson arrived in Egypt and tried to open the box he had to agree that the man was right. Nothing would persuade the key to turn, and in the end the box had to be opened with a pickaxe.

Then at an Ordnance Depot a friend of his made him six little boxes, all exactly alike. He said it would be so convenient for Simpson, travelling about, to be able to split his luggage up, leaving at the Depot anything he did not want, and taking two, three or four of these little boxes as required. In theory this was all right, but it never worked in practice. Before making a journey Simpson would spend hours dividing his luggage into different piles; Not Wanted, Might Be Wanted, Likely to be Wanted, Sure to be Wanted, Ought to be Thrown Away, etc. Then in the middle of the night he would suddenly remember that something in the Not Wanted ought to be in the Sure to be Wanted, but when he looked for it in the Not Wanted he could not find it, and after going nearly mad and making a huge pile of the contents of all the boxes

outside in the sand he would find the missing article in his overcoat pocket. And almost invariably his batman would put Not Wanted and Ought to be Thrown Away in the car and the remaining boxes in the Pack Store.

"One huge box is the solution," said Simpson. "My batman used to be a carpenter, so he can make one while we are at the Depot."

For the next fortnight we were to all intents and purposes without a batman, and so were most of the other officers in the East African Wing. Any batman checked for not being at his post merely said that he had been helping to make Captain Simpson's box, and as the completion of the box was a necessary preliminary to Captain Simpson's departure from the Depot none of the other officers cared to do anything to delay it. It certainly grew into a marvellous box, the foundation being what looked suspiciously like an old sentry-box, into which a lot of smaller boxes had been screwed to make compartments. The corners were reinforced with great iron clamps, and it had four locks.

When it was finished Simpson spent the best part of two days fitting his luggage into it. Then our office at G.H.Q. rang up and told us to proceed at once to El Potta, right at the other end of the Middle East.

"You can go by air," said our Chief, "and of course each of you will be able to take only seventy pounds of luggage."

"Cook Wanted, March 1st . . . comfortable quarters with radio; own bedroom; help few hours four days a week; two in family; only one who can be well recommended."—*Advt. in Hereford paper.*

That kills it.

*Is that the laundry?**Is that the LAUNDRY?**IS THAT THE LAUNDRY?!!!!*



"Unleash twelve one-and-ninepennies."

Our Open Forum

X—The Anatomy of Monopoly

Mr. George B. King, who makes this daring and well-documented contribution to our series of chats on Reconstruction, is, oh, so dependable. He is no newcomer to debate and has often ridden rough-shod over his opponents. His rise to fame has been gradual—say one in seventeen. Starting life as a newspaper proprietor he supported his old mother throughout the winters of '02 and '08. Mr. King dictates all his own letters. He once claimed to be the first man to hear of Hitler's growing ascendancy. He is a veritable bulwark and augurs well.

MONOPOLY, *alias* the Trust, *alias* the Cartel, is one of the ugliest developments of our times. The monopolist (but not necessarily the trustee) holds the public to ransom. He lines his pockets with inordinate profits and feathers his nest with excessive margins. Altogether the monopolist does quite well for himself.

Let us suppose, friends, that you want to become a monopolist. How do you set about it? The best thing, no doubt, would be to go down to the employment exchange and ask if they have any vacancies. But there would almost certainly be a long waiting-list. You would be well advised to do your own donkey-work and create your own opportunities.

You decide to buy a small business—in hardware, or haberdashery, say. With the balance of your gratuities and post-war credits you buy a copy of the *Directory of Directors* and a slide-rule. The first day in business you take down your predecessor's notice:

HARDWARE — J. BROWN — HARDWARE

and replace it with:

M. R. Cropper, F.H.A., Qualified Practitioner in Metallurgy. You then mark up the prices of your goods by one hundred per cent.

The rest is easy.

Within six months you should be able to buy up all your local competitors for pin-money. And you will never go wrong if you avoid calling a spade a spade and a bucket-shop a bucket-shop.

Your ramifications now become extensive. Your name begins to mean something to the nation and, wisely, you decide to change it by deed poll.

Next you put up for Parliament as an Altruist and forfeit your deposit. (Note.—This episode may seem irrelevant but it is a definite part of your career. Don't neglect it.)

Amalgamations, mergers, combinations and consolidations follow in quick succession. At the age of fifty you should be in control of the entire trade and your new name should be synonymous with hardware wherever the English language is spoken.

You have arrived. You are a monopolist.

Of course all monopolists are not anti-social; some are the best of fellows, kindly and generous to a fault. They are known as "enlightened employers." Such men conduct their businesses for the sheer pleasure of keeping within the factory regulations and of providing gainful employment. The man who wrote recently to *The Dorset Times* and signed himself "Monopolist—and proud of it," must be considered one of these.

I cannot pretend to have covered more than the bare outlines of the problem. I have said very little about vertical disintegration, "octopoid" industries and "bogus incentives"—and I have dealt only superficially with the Sherman Act, the "penumbra of uncertainty" and gentleman's agreements. But, go on talking among yourselves. Monopoly is everybody's business. Hod.

She Had to Live in It.

YES, this is Garside 218. Oh, hullo, darling, how nice of you to ring me. Yes, I heard you were coming. Yes, we're really settled now, been here quite a year, and love it. It's a fine old house and really in excellent condition, except for the roof. But we must meet soon. I take Anna into town every Thursday for her sun-ray. Oh, no, it was only a chill really, but the doctor thought . . . It is a pity you couldn't come out. Of course it's rather long in the bus, but only a mile and a half through the fields after that. Alison came. Oh, I see, she told you. Well, yes, it is just a little out of the way, and not modern like her own very bijou flat, but after all, the only way to get a house nowadays is to take one that no one else will have. Everyone else says we've been very lucky. Oh, yes, we got a permit. That only took six months. We're allowed to spend £400. Isn't that splendid? Oh, no, nothing done yet. The boiler got lost on the railway. But the plumbers came yesterday, and now with the storm coming on they'll simply have to stay and finish the job. Couldn't have been better. Yes, of course, they're staying in the house, but after all, as the plumber said, if they're here they're here. And they're sweet with the children, and the paraffin stove. Yes, it was dear of Alison. She sent it after she'd stayed. Oh, she did, did she? But after all, we just can't have a kitchen till we slap a door. Well, that's what they call it. It means making a hole in the wall the size of a door. Oh, yes, but you see, dear, we slapped one door already. I mean we slapped the hole, and then the carpenter said he daren't come yet to make the door. Oh, yes, but don't

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

THEY are brave, these people who, behind the scenes, whether at home or in the factories, go quietly about their essential tasks. Even when they are bombed and lose their homes and cherished possessions, their grateful appreciation of the help given them through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND proclaims the spirit which cannot be broken.

The privilege of service to them is extended to you. If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

you see, after you get the permit to do it you have to get the permit for wood to do it with. Yes, you fill it in in triplicate. Well, I suppose three people have to read it. And then they all write the carpenter, and he writes back. It's so important not to use too much wood. Oh, well, I expect they do know. No, I don't expect they have practical men in the Ministry. You see, labour's so scarce, they're all needed elsewhere. Oh, yes, he's awfully well. He was home on leave. A great help. It was really he who got the plumber to come. The Army has improved his vocabulary immensely. He just telephoned twice a day, and he was very good with the railway too. Oh, no, I shouldn't think the telephone calls are included in the £400 at all. And then he set out the basins at night. Oh, well, that's more the carpenter's job. No, I really can't blame the plumber. He's such a nice man. I'm making them all a cup of coffee. They've just slapped two big holes in the wall, and now they're in the roof. Oh, yes, a three-storey house. What? Someone on the line? Good-bye, darling, so nice of you, it may be the carpenter.

"Garside 218. Hullo. Yes, he is here. Oh, no trouble. He's only in the attic. . . . Hullo, I'm sorry, I simply can't get him. He's just gone inside the wall with a candle. At least, my son says he saw his boots disappearing, and we did shout, but then he's a little deaf. What's that? What's he doing inside the walls with a candle? Well, really, I mean I never thought: I supposed it was an essential part of the business of putting in a bathroom, but then I've never seen a bathroom put in before. Perhaps the candle's to light his cigarette. Oh, I see, you have a bathroom. How lovely. Oh, I see—a pipe leaking. But how dreadful for you. And the maid away. Can you give me her address? I mean yes of course you must do something. Now let me advise you. I'm an expert on leaks. You mustn't waste a minute. You must have a succession of bowls and pails, placed as closely together as possible. I'm thinking of writing to the Ministry of Supply, I think you call it—so funny, because they don't supply much, do they? Well, I'm thinking of writing them to suggest that all bowls be made square so that they fit closely together and no drips come down between. But I'll give you a really practical tip meantime. Get a lot of saucers (you'll have lots of saucers) and put one in each gap between the basins. Now you must be wary. The saucers will need emptying very soon. Don't waste effort. Just tip them into the basins. Then later on you tip the basins into . . . Oh, I see, you must have the

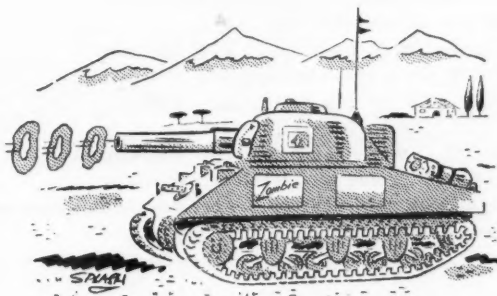
plumber immediately for your bathroom leak. But aren't you very lucky to have a bathroom to leak? But I tell you he's just gone into the wall with a candle to make a bathroom for me. Oh, well, he'll be out for coffee shortly and I can tell him. Yes, yes, of course, an emergency—It's just like a doctor, isn't it? You know my husband is a doctor. He's in the Army now of course. Yes, misses the children terribly. Well, before the war I was quite accustomed to emergency calls. Now your name and address? . . . Mrs. Anderson, The Beeches. You go right to bed, Mrs. Anderson, and the plumber'll be along immediately.

"Hullo. Yes, this is Garside 218. Yes, the plumber is here. Isn't it splendid? He's just gone into the wall—Oh, I see, your alternator's bust. But what's that? Oh, but you've got the wrong number. This is Thos. Donaldson's, the plumber's, I mean . . . Oh, I see, I didn't know he was an electrician as well. Oh, of course, a dairy farm. An emergency. I quite understand, Mr. Lee. He'll be right along. Lovely morning, isn't it? I mean dreadful storm. Good morning.

"Garside 218. Oh, hullo doctor, how are you? Oh, yes, Tommy's quite better. We're sleeping downstairs now. Yes, yes, of course, and in any case that room can easily be used as a spare room. I mean one night wouldn't . . . Oh, you don't think even one hour. Oh, well. Oh, but how dreadful for you. In the downstairs bathroom too. And your electric toaster. Well, of course, the plumber's an electrician too. Certainly I'll tell him. What's that? Someone on the line? Good morning, doctor.

"Yes, Garside 218. Yes, the plumber is here. However did you guess? Name and address, please. The Department of Agriculture. I didn't know he was an agriculturist too. Oh, I see, you only want to discuss . . . Well, I doubt if he can spare the time. He has one or two other calls this morning. Oh, yes, I'd be delighted to fetch him to the phone. He's only three stories up, but you see he's just gone into a hole in the wall with a candle. But certainly, come along and see him. Do. We all gather round the paraffin stove for coffee at eleven. Yes, aren't they useful? Practically no smell at all. Which is more than you can say for— Oh, well, but if you want a real talk, there's a little spare bedroom on the first floor I'd be delighted to let you have for an hour. Oh, no, but a pleasure! Coffee at eleven.

"Hullo, Exchange. Hullo, Exchange. This is Thos. Donaldson, Plumber, Electrician and—I mean, this is Garside 218. The plumber and I—I mean, I'm going away for a week or two. Yes, the Riviera. Cornish, you know. So you needn't trouble ringing. Yes, I'll let you know. Good morning."



"Put that cigarette out, Robinson!"



"No, we're not short of potatoes, not really—it's just that we haven't got any."

The Shadows Fall.

WITH his light brown Derby and his bright green tie,
Time waits for no one, flowing out to the sea;
January, February, June and July,
Pretty Kitty Blue-Eyes, one, two, three.
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The bells of Normandy are ringing again,
All my to-morrows lead me to you
Because—Until—stand by to hear Big Ben,
Pretty Kitty Whitehall one-two, one-two.
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Megacycles, metre-bands, and all the Marianas,
Come out, come out, wherever you are;
Transmission now is closing, for the deserts and bananas
Carry moonbeams home in a jar.
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

No matter what the future brings (and this
Is Gerry Wilmot bringing it to you)

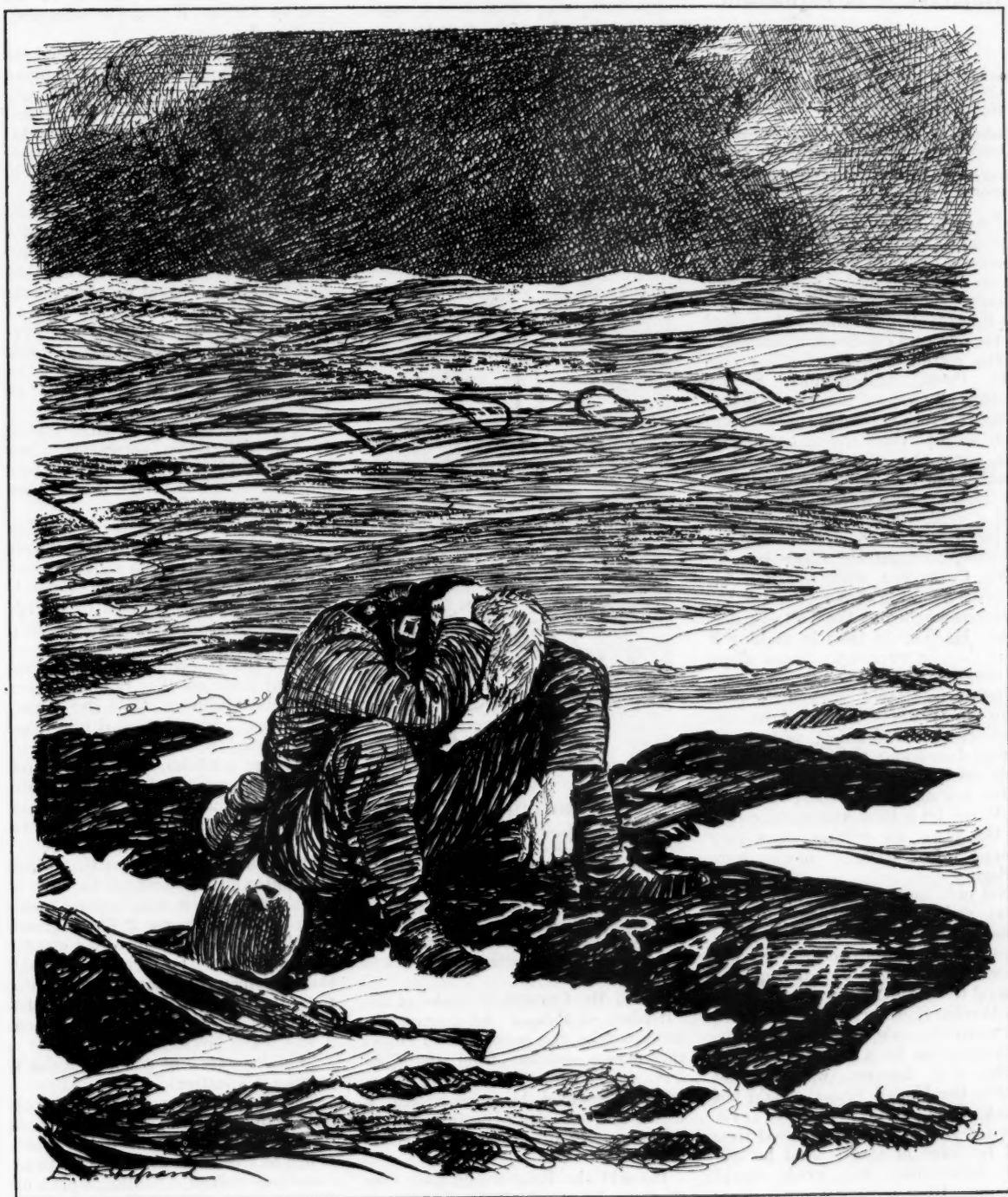
Only a little love, a little kiss,
A donkey's serenade when dreams come true.
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

I'll walk alone by the light of the moon,
Fascinating you to the end of the road,
And Love's refrain in Rainbow Lane we'll croon
Together—on my left, Professor Joad.
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Oh, I met a leprechaun in the island of Luzon
When the Burma Road was opened into China,
So I dance with the Dolly an hour upon the trolley,
For there's someone in the kitchen with Dinah.
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

There's a new world over the headlines.
Tooral-oorl-oorl and the moon shines bright;
Night shall be filled with music of the Red lines,
And I wish you all a very good night.
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

J. B. N.



THE DOOMED ISLE

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, February 27th.—House of Commons: A Further Thrilling Instalment.

Wednesday, February 28th.—House of Commons: And Another.

Thursday, March 1st.—House of Commons: Yet Another.

Tuesday, February 27th.—When Mr. CHURCHILL walked into the House of Commons to-day he got a roaring cheer which seemed to leave some ominous patches of silence—mostly on the Conservative benches. He walked to his seat and sat down, unsmiling.

The setting was the familiar one, with Peers, Ambassadors, Service leaders, all crowded into the Galleries. Members crushed into all the seats and more than all the standing room. But this time the genial figure of Mr. Speaker CLIFTON BROWN was missing: the House heard with regret that he had a chill. The towering figure of Major JAMES MILNER, the Deputy-Speaker, occupied the Chair instead.

Mr. CHURCHILL went to the Table to move a motion of confidence in the decisions reached at the Yalta Conference. He lost no time in making it clear that he wanted to "know where he stood with the House."

Neatly he steered through the non-contentious items discussed at the Conference, commenting, with mock serious demeanour, that since the neutrals had been told that they must join in the war against Germany or Japan by March 1st if they were to take part in the plans for setting up a new League of Nations, "many were declaring war."

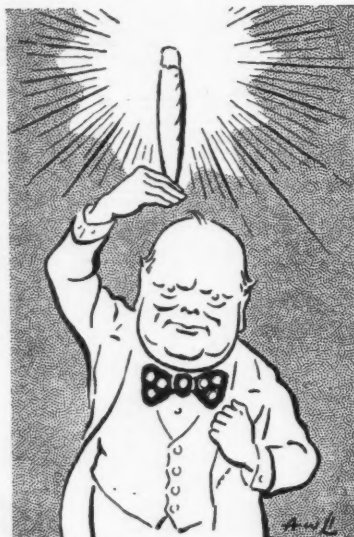
Not until he uttered a phrase to the effect that the Big Three—Britain, Russia and the United States—should *serve* the world and not *rule* it, was there any cheering. Its harsh quality seemed to startle Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, the Foreign Secretary, who sat by Mr. CHURCHILL's side, and made the Premier pause for a moment.

The new League (which would include the United States) would not shrink from dealing with an evil-doer (or an evil-planner) in good time and by force of arms. And he had high hopes that this would shield humanity from another renewal of its agonies.

Then he turned his notes and mentioned the word "*Poland*." At once the House stirred with interest, and Members leaned forward to miss no word.

Swinging round to face the Conservative benches, Mr. CHURCHILL maintained that the decision to redraw the eastern frontier of Poland was right and just—and that he had not yielded to force in accepting it. The Curzon Line, he pointed out, was drawn at a time when Russia was less popular than now, and in any case it was far to the east of Russia's frontier under the Tsars.

Members stirred and muttered uneasily. Ministers hastily turned their heads to see how the P.M.'s statement had "gone over." Mr. CHURCHILL, after a swift glance round the benches,



NO DIM-OUT

"The lights burn brighter and shine more broadly than ever before."—*The Prime Minister.*

went on with his speech, announcing that the Poles were to have land to the west in compensation for that lost in the east.

When Mr. CHURCHILL spoke of the "freedom of Poland" he seemed disconcerted by the great roar of cheers the phrase aroused from the Conservative benches. It made him wince, but he resumed his speech with a vigour and a wealth of gesture such as he has rarely used in his war statements.

He said the Poles would have free elections, in which all the democratic parties would have the right to put up candidates. ("Who decides who is democratic?" asked a Conservative.)

The Polish soldiers who had been fighting so gallantly by our side would be given an opportunity to return to

their native land, if they wished, or to become honoured citizens of the British Empire, if that was what they preferred.

Mr. EDEN, who had sat throughout the speech acting as a sort of human reference-book for the P.M., unfailingly filling in names, facts, dates and figures as required, was then handed the largest (and most heartily cheered) bouquet any Minister has had in recent decades.

Blushing furiously, he listened while Mr. CHURCHILL listed the many virtues and accomplishments as Minister, adviser and man-of-the-world that had made him second to none among the Foreign Ministers of the Grand Alliance. There was nothing equivocal or doubtful about the cheers *that* tribute raised, and the roars were as loud from "the benches opposite" as from those behind.

"Now," said Mr. CHURCHILL, coming to his picturesque peroration, "we enter a world of imponderables. Only one link in the chain of Destiny can be handled at a time."

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, leading the Opposition, described the speech as "masterly," and the settlement of Poland's fate in the absence of Polish representatives as "foreign to British justice." Both statements were loudly cheered.

Then the House had one of those pleasant surprises that now and then stir its proceedings. Lord DUNGLASS, whose health has prevented him from taking as active a part as he ought in Parliament's affairs, jumped up and delivered a speech of such eloquence and power that Members hurried in and squeezed into seats, listening to his musical yet urgent voice.

It was on the simple text that while it might well be excellent to have a giant's strength, it was, beyond question, tyrannous to use it like a giant. And Russia had undoubtedly a giant's strength. How, he demanded, could this settlement in Poland fit itself into the Atlantic Charter—how could the settlement be called "justice" when it was really bowing to force?

"Call it power," he cried, "but don't pretend it's justice!"

The Chief Tuscan himself did not forbear to cheer, and, in fact, beckoned "ALEC" DUNGLASS down to the Front Bench to receive in person a tribute to a moving—indeed, a thrilling—piece of eloquence.

Several other Members complained acidly or sorrowfully about the Polish settlement. It was not a good day for the Government.

Wednesday, February 28th.—Sir ALBERT LAMBERT WARD, whose speech



"I see Postlethwaite has been bowler-batted."

was interrupted by rising-time yesterday, went on thus: "As I was saying . . ." The rest of his speech was more or less lost (to your scribe) in a general buzz of excited conversation which Members seemed unable to restrain.

For during the night (as in the best thrillers) Conservative critics of the Government—having duly waited and seen—tabled an amendment to the confidence motion. This complained of the proposed Polish settlement on the ground that it was to protect Poland from aggression that Britain took up arms, and it was inconsistent to allow her to suffer partition now.

It was a memorable debate—no other word describes it. With one or two notable lapses (on the part of those who are unable, seemingly, to engage in controversy without imputing dishonourable motives) it was a debate of superlative sincerity and, often, high oratory—on both sides.

The mover and seconder of the amendment, Mr. MAURICE PETHERICK and Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHEY, set the standard with speeches that kept the House crowded and silent by listening far into the luncheon hour.

Mr. PETHERICK complained that the

Polish settlement made nonsense of the Atlantic Charter, and claimed that a post-dated blank cheque (in the shape of bits of territory now German) was no fair exchange for the loss *now* of chunks of Poland and her prosperity.

Sir ARCHIBALD's view was that the treatment Poland was to get was the touchstone of all our post-war relationships. He suggested that foreign Press representatives should be allowed into Poland to see what was going on.

Major PETER THORNEYCROFT, now Chairman of the Tory Reform Committee, added to his already radiant laurels—but in the somewhat unaccustomed rôle of ardent supporter of the Government. Well, ardent is perhaps not the word—for he bluntly said he did not regard the Polish settlement as an act of justice. But it was the best that could be got, and offered some hope of peace in the future, so he intended to support it.

The debate was a somewhat one-sided one, with even the supporters of the Government occasionally "praising it with faint damns."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

But then Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, at his excellent best, intervened, with a fighting speech in which he somehow—as only he can—contrived at the same time to be polite and conciliatory. With the aid of that vast experience, man-of-the-worldliness, and wisdom which Mr. CHURCHILL had praised, he made what most thought was a convincing case for the action taken at Yalta, saying it presented a prospect of peace, where any other policy presented none.

And so to the vote, in which the Government scored 396 to the rebels' 25. But nobody felt exultant at the result.

Thursday, March 1st.—The early proceedings having been enlivened by the flat statement from Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN that "Friday follows Thursday," the debate was resumed. Mr. ATTLEE, the Deputy Prime Minister, kept up the standard of the speeches with a brilliant defence of the Government's policy as expressed in the Yalta statement.

And so it passed to its end, with Mr. EDEN once more speaking the curtain lines, and the confidence motion being passed by as good a debate as it has been your scribe's fortune to hear.



"When it's all over I'd like a little house in the country with a little garden and ducks and chickens—and a battle course just the other side of the fence."

Not So Silly

A Child's Guide to Parliament—XII

WELL, Rich-ard and I-vy, I am go-ing to talk to you a-bout talk-ing, a-bout talk-ing in the House of Comm-ons, which is not, as some supp-ose, an eas-y or en-joy-a-ble thing to do.

Ma-cau-lay said "There is not a more terr-i-ble au-di-ence in the world", and there is a-bund-ant ev-i-dence to that eff-ect. An-oth-er hist-or-i-an, Mis-ter Ed-ward Gibb-on, who was a mast-er of lan-gu-age, at least on pa-per, sat in that House for eight years but nev-er op-en-ed his mouth. "It is more tre-men-dous than I im-ag-in-ed," he said. "The great speak-ers fill me with de-spair; the bad ones with terr-or." So aft-er eight years he went a-way and wrote the *De-cline and Fall of the Ro-man Em-pire*.

John Bright said "I supp-ose I ought to be ash-am-ed of my-self, but the fact is I nev-er rise in the House with-cut a trem-bling at the knees and

a se-cret wish that some-bod-y else would catch the Speak-er's eye and en-a-ble me to sit down a-gain." Sir Aust-en Cham-ber-lain, a vet-er-an and re-spect-ed states-man, said to your Un-cle, not long be-fore he died: "I nev-er rise in that House with-out a sink-ing feel-ing at the pit of my stom-ach." Dis-ra-el-i call-ed it the most chill-ing and nerve-de-stroy-ing au-di-ence in the world.

If this is the op-in-ion of the great men, im-ag-ine the ag-on-ies of the small fry, esp-ec-i-al-ly the new-com-er mak-ing his first, or "maid-en" speech, as it is call-ed.

Great in-dul-gence is shown to a maid-en speak-er. He can choose his time and speak al-most when he likes. As long as he is mod-est and un-pro-voc-a-tive the House will list-en po-lite-ly, and lat-er speak-ers will not ar-gue with him but pay him com-pli-ments.

You may know all this, but you may still feel like Lord North's son, who said "I brought out two or three sen-ten-ces, when a mist seem-ed to rise be-fore my eyes. I then lost my re-coll-ec-tion, and could see noth-ing but the Speak-er's wig, which swell-ed and swell-ed and swell-ed till it cov-er-ed the whole House. I then sank back on my seat and nev-er att-empt-ed an-oth-er speech, but quick-ly ac-cept-ed the Chil-tern Hun-dreds" (which means to say, he re-sign-ed).

A Mis-ter White-side, an Ir-ish Mem-ber, said that when he saw the Speak-er's wig sur-round-ed by blue flames he knew it was time to sit down.

The fam-ous Par-nell was "pain-ful-ly nerv-ous." He could on-ly stamm-er out a few bare-ly in-tell-i-gi-ble sen-ten-ces. Mis-ter Glad-stone's maid-en speech was re-port-ed thus: "Mis-ter Glad-stone made a few

re-marks which were not au-di-ble in the Gall-er-y." More than one Mem-ber, like Mist-er Gib-son Craig, have had to sit down with-out say-ing a word. "He rose", wrote Dis-rael-i, "star-ed like a stuck pig and said no-thing. His friends cheer-ed: he stamm-er-ed; all cheer-ed; then there was a dead and aw-ful pause, and then he sat down, and that was his per-form-ance."

Add-is-on, the cel-e-bra-ted ess-ay-ist, was a fail-ure, like man-y oth-er writ-ers, and made but one at-tempt to speak. And Steele was howl-ed down with cries of "The Tat-ler!" by the Tor-ies, be-cause he had rid-i-cul-ed them in his writ-ings. "He fanc-i-es," they said, "that be-cause he can scrib-ble he can add-ress an ass-embly of gen-tle-men. Out up-on him!" Aft-er Sher-i-dan's "maid-en" a re-port-er said "You had much bett-er have stuck to your form-er pur-suits." Some-one else said "Na-ture nev-er in-tend-ed him for an or-a-tor." Yet he be-came one of the best. By-ron's "maid-en", in the Lords, was a suc-cess.

Will-i-am Pitt the Young-er and Sir Rob-ert Peel both rang the bell with a bang the first time; and Pitt was on-ly twent-y-one.

Not ev-er-y maid-en speech has been mod-est and un-pro-voc-a-tive. Lord Birk-en-head, in his tri-umph-ant and cel-e-bra-ted first inn-ings, knock-ed all the bowl-ers all round the field.

Dis-rael-i is an-oth-er fam-ous ex-ample. But acc-ord-ing to the in-ter-est-ing work by Mich-ael Mac-Don-agh* from which I have ex-tract-ed most of this in-for-ma-tion, with man-y thanks, the comm-on acc-ount does not do Dis-rael-i just-ice. It was not on-ly his irr-i-ta-ting self-ass-ur-ance, fopp-ish att-ire and affect-ed gest-ures that caus-ed the trou-ble. He had a bitt-er en-em-y in the House, Dan-i-el O'Conn-ell: and it was he who led the Rad-ic-als and Ir-ish Re-peal-ers in roars of ir-on-i-cal laugh-ter and dis-con-cert-ing cries.

Dis-rael-i gave up at last, say-ing "Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." Which was prett-y ac-cu-rate. But a shrewd Ir-ish or-a-tor, Mis-ter Sheil, main-tain-ed that the speech was not a fail-ure. "If there had not been this int-er-rupt-ion Mis-ter Dis-rael-i might have made a fail-ure. I don't call this a fail-ure, it is a crush. My dé-but was a fail-ure, be-cause I was heard; but my re-cep-tion was sup-er-cil-i-ous, his ma-lig-nant. A dé-but should be dull. The House will not all-ow a

man to be a wit and an or-a-tor un-less they have the cred-it of find-ing it out. There it is."

And he gave the young man some bi-zar-re but sound ad-vice: "Now get rid of your gen-i-us for a Ses-sion. Speak oft-en, for you must not show your-self cow-ed, but speak short-ly. Be ver-y qui-et. Try to be dull, on-ly ar-gue and reas-on im-per-fect-ly, for if you speak with pre-ci-sion they will think you are try-ing to be wit-ty. As-ton-ish them by speak-ing on sub-jects of de-tail. Quote fig-ures, dates, cal-cu-la-tions, and in a short time the House will sigh for the wit and el-o-quence which they all know are in you. They will en-cour-age you to pour them forth, and then you will have the ear of the House and be a fav-our-ite." Dis-rael-i foll-ow-ed the ad-vice, and, as you may know, with prett-y good re-sults.

An-oth-er good piece of ad-vice which all the old hands give to the new ent-ry is: "Do not speak too soon. Sit in the Cham-ber and list-en and watch. Learn the ways of the House, what can be said, and how to say it." But Dan-i-el O'Conn-ell and Will-i-am Cobb-ett both made their "maid-ens" the night they took their seats. Cobb-ett, af-ter some of the top Mem-bers had spok-en, be-gan with the foll-ow-ing not whol-ly con-cil-i-a-tor-y sent-ence: "It app-ears to me that since I have been sitt-ing here I have heard a great deal of vain and un-prof-it-a-ble con-ver-sa-tion."

Your Un-cle Hadd-ock was not quite so naugh-ty as that, but he did "break his duck" on his sec-ond night and opp-os-ed a mo-tion by the Prime Min-is-ter. The pres-ent Prime Min-is-ter made a char-act-er-ist-ic comment on that ill-tim-ed but not whol-ly fruit-less or-a-tion. Aft-er pay-ing your poor Un-cle some sooth-ing com-pli-ments, he said: "Call that a maid-en speech? It was a brazen huss-y of a speech. Nev-er did such a paint-ed har-lot of a speech par-a-de it-self be-fore a mod-est Par-li-a-ment."

But why, you right-ly ask, I-vy de-ar, is it so al-arm-ing and diff-i-cult to stand up in the House of Comm-ons and speak the truth that is in you?

Well, I think there are two sets of reas-ons, one phys-i-cal and the oth-er, so to speak, spir-i-tu-al. A Back-bench-er speak-ing in the House feels ver-y much a-lone. There is no ta-ble be-fore him as there is at a pub-lic dinn-er or meet-ing, on which he can rest his notes or pa-pers. (This is where the Min-is-ters score; for they can lean up-on the Dis-patch Box and read their speech-es with-out giv-ing them-selves a-way.) He is supp-os-ed

to add-ress the Speak-er, and not to turn a-way from him. But, in fact, his aud-i-ence is all ov-er the place. Mem-bers be-fore, be-low, a-bout and be-hind him, and Vis-it-ors and—rath-er im-port-ant—re-port-ers, far a-bove. And the Mem-ber's aud-i-ence is al-ways mov-ing a-bout, com-ing and go-ing; ev-en those who "stay put" may be happ-i-ly en-gag-ed in priv-ate con-ver-sa-tions—un-less the speak-er can make so good a speech as to ar-rest their att-en-tion, and ver-y few Mem-bers would bet a-bout that.

That, brings me, I-vy, to the spir-i-tu-al reas-ons. What-ev-er jokes you may make a-bout the H. of C., the fact re-mains that it is a prett-y form-i-da-ble bod-y—simp-ly be-cause it is a min-i-a-ture—a small pic-ture, I-vy—or, as some folk would say, a cross-sec-tion of the peo-ple. We may not all be phil-os-oph-ers or sen-i-or wrang-lers, which is just as well; but you can men-tion scarce-ly any sub-ject in the world with-out some Mem-ber shy-ly com-ing for-ward and re-veal-ing that he knows all a-bout it, wheth-er it is the Batt-le of Wa-ter-loo, the keep-ing of bees, or how to make a bow-line. Well, now, for man-y years (in your pubs and clubs) you may have main-tain-ed with-out con-tra-dic-tion that all cows have five legs. But when you rise to make the same ass-er-tion in the House of Comm-ons you have to re-cog-nize that there are six hun-dred and thir-teen* oth-er Mem-bers, an-y one of whom may rude-ly rise to say that he knows more a-bout cows than you do.

Furth-er-more, you have been cho-sen by the peo-ple, and summ-on-ed by the King, to ass-ist at an an-cient and un-ique ass-emb-ly, and, nat-ur-al-ly, wish to do your best. So, what with one thing and an-oth-er, it is no won-der that one has a sink-ing feel-ing in the pit of the stom-ach. A. P. H.

Eh?

Will someone coin
A word that's not
Genteel as "Pardon?"
Brusque as "What?"?

"Inspired German sportsmen to-day say that a 'certain stabilisation' of the Eastern Front has been achieved during the week-end, but they warn the German public against over-optimism."—*Glasgow paper*.

They don't sound any too sober themselves.

* Parliament: Its Romance; Its Comedy; Its Pathos (1902).

* Not count-ing the Speak-er.

At the Play

"MADAME LOUISE" (GARRICK)

Madame Louise's old-fashioned gown shop, "well off Bond Street," is sadly in the yellow leaf. As *Mr. Mould*, the shopwalker, explains in the moving accents of Mr. ROBERTSON HARE: "Ninety-seven per cent. of our customers have passed to a happier world and the other three per cent. can't manage to get here. Not that they would find anything if they did."

Fortunately for all except Mr. HARE, who would have preferred racks, wheels, and whips, *Madame Louise* disposes of her business to Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON—the reasons are best known to Mr. VERNON SYLVAINE, the author—and in the doorway looms a burly figure, looking more than a little sneery. Mr. DRAYTON, *Trout* by name, fishy by nature, is here a book-maker seeking to avoid a race-gang which seems to have been a legacy from *Brighton Rock* at the same theatre. Presently the farce, like *Mr. Mould's* overhead cash-carrier, swoops down the customary track. We have a grand transformation scene at *Madame Louise's*, the usual hunting of the Hare, feminine disguises for *Trout* and *Mould*—"dress for Mr. Drayton"—is a clue in the programme acknowledgments—and the debagging (new style) of *Mr. Mould* about twenty-five or twenty minutes to nine.

Mr. SYLVAINE, with the proper invention and good cheer, has done all that is required. The writer of a farce for the great twin brethren must merely ensure that, throughout the evening, Mr. DRAYTON is in a position to affront Mr. HARE:

"O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!"

As for the harried Hare, he must endure griefs each deadlier than the last. Mr. SYLVAINE knows the ceremony and tradition—and we rejoice.

These Old Masters of farce have been separated too long. Mr. HARE was extremely funny in a night of Ben Travers moonshine eighteen months ago, but he had no one then to

persecute him as he should be persecuted. To extract the best from Mr. HARE you must bully him without remorse, and what better bully than Mr. DRAYTON, who has the right relish and technique? Mr. HARE, majestic of chin and dome, haunts the farce in an anguished dream. One day the little man will wake, and these woes, these humiliations, these stratagems, will be merely the wreckage of his babbling nightmare. But while the fit is on him he must see it through, a pathetic figure as valiant as the

racily "Charlie Trout's up-and-down treble."

In spite of a nice choice in wigs, golden or ginger, and a skilled tic-tac man as commissioner, *Trout* is cornered by his pursuers—not, though, before he has sailed by them in matronly splendour, much as Falstaff, in the skirts of the witch of Brentford, escaped from the house of Ford. *Trout*, of course, misses the Falstaffian cudgellings. Nobody would cudgel Mr. DRAYTON. In wig and gown he even wards off the fury of a *Mr. Boot* senior, who seems to be in a horsewhipping mood, and who asks (with reason) why, for the sum of forty-four shillings and sixpence, his son was sold a kettle with a hole in it and an aged cardigan. This, the new *Madame Louise's* first and possibly only sale, had been one of the less creditable moves of Messrs. *Trout* and *Mould*. *Trout*—trust him—soon disposes of the angry *Boot* ("Are you any relation of the Boots of Kipling?"), though it is ordained that, during the disposal, *Mould*, passing now as *Trout's* small son, must stand by in a ginger wig, heavy sullens, and a quite misleading aura of decadence. (Mr. SYLVAINE, you will note, likes a good solid plot.)

It is always a joy to watch Mr. HARE taking it on the chin, or Mr. DRAYTON's eyes glazing with the wrath of an angry cod. There are other pleasures in a revel most astutely directed by Mr. RICHARD BIRD. As an assistant loved in vain by *Mr. Mould*—

another fragment of the dream: without doubt he is happily married at Balham—Miss LESLEY BROOK is far from being a wax model. Mr. PAUL DEMEL's racing man is compact of brilliantine and varnish, and Miss HARRIETTE JOHNS hits off the kind of young woman for whom life is a long and rewarding gold-rush.
J. C. T.

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A Thought for the Day

"IF A PERSON 20 YEARS OLD DRINKS ONE PINT OF BEER A DAY UNTIL HE IS 60—BANG GOES ABOUT £720! WHY SUPPORT A PUBLIC-HOUSE WHEN YOU MIGHT BUY YOUR OWN?"

(Dudley Temperance Society.)

Advt. in the "Dudley Herald."



GOING AT IT BALD-HEADED

Mrs. Trout	MISS RUTH MAITLAND
Mr. Mould	MR. ROBERTSON HARE
Mr. Trout	MR. ALFRED DRAYTON
Penny	MISS LESLEY BROOK

wrathful dove, crying now "Mercy me!" now "O intolerable!" now "Torment, torture, and tribulation!" or, in a last alliterative ecstasy, "Double-dealing most damnable!"

Mr. DRAYTON's *Trout* bears anger in his eye, his hand, his tongue. *Mould* is nothing more to him than a skein of thread, though the fellow can be useful enough when *Mrs. Trout* (Miss RUTH MAITLAND)—farce's fiery she-dragon—turns up and has to be extinguished. *Mould* is useful too as the inventor of a "three-in-one creation," a fantastic garment on which he lavishes much luxuriant prose in the vein of the Edwardian popular novel, but which his master chooses to call

dream: without doubt he is happily married at Balham—Miss LESLEY BROOK is far from being a wax model. Mr. PAUL DEMEL's racing man is compact of brilliantine and varnish, and Miss HARRIETTE JOHNS hits off the kind of young woman for whom life is a long and rewarding gold-rush.



"And now, at the request of Pte. William Haybarn, here are a few everyday sounds from his home village."

Our Blimp—Farewell

WE knew him when the war was young.
 He came to guard our Square
 Unheralded, and whence he'd sprung
 Was nowise our affair,
 But, though he seemed a trifle rum
 And marred the look of things to some,
 When we reflected why he'd come
 We liked to have him there.

'Twas well to see him ride the sky
 A-dazzle in the sun
 And with a static calm defy,
 Though soft, the iron Hun,
 And when at grooming hour they drew
 Him strongly down to earth and blew
 His bloat proportions up anew
 Methought 'twas featly done.

And so he bode with us awhile
 Till the foul Hun brought out
 His doodle-bug which, being vile,
 Pleased him a lot, no doubt,

And off our blimp serenely went
 To Sussex, probably, or Kent
 The evil thing to circumvent
 By tangling up its snout.

And there, a frail but gallant line,
 He and his peers were found
 Day after day, agog to twine
 Their tentacles around
 The hissing bomb and lay it low,
 And nobly was it done, I trow,
 And many an ill-intentioned foe
 Crashed harmless to the ground.

And now his country sets him free.
 Closed is his high career.
 We learn it with a reasoned glee
 While still we hold him dear.
 Unblown, he'll fight his battles o'er
 Recumbent in an Ordnance Store
 Warmed by this tribute of a more
 Or less melodious tear. **DUM-DUM.**



"I'm afraid we're in for another unsettled summer."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Spring Poetry

It is publishers rather than poets who are affected by the seasons to-day. However, we must be grateful for the year's blossoming (although W. H. AUDEN's *The Mirror and the Sea*, said to be his finest work, has not yet reached this country from America), because it includes new volumes from LOUIS MACNEICE and GEORGE BARKER. Neither of them has published any collection of lyrics for several years. BARKER's *Eros in Dogma* (FABER, 6/-) does not show an advance on *Lament and Triumph* so much as an intensification. His experience is so violent, through the mind and the senses, that one emotion is not enough to express it, and so we alternate between tenderness and the very depths of pain and disgust. It is William Blake's dilemma, however much the problem may be increased by total war staring the poet in the face. BARKER's sincerity is almost frightening. He has his own violent imagery (some of it perhaps inherited from T. S. Eliot)—drowned sea images, knives and wounds, pearls and howling dogs and the drama of the Crucifixion. It does not matter that he is sometimes unlucky with words, or forced and irritating, because beyond all question he is a poet and language is his art. People who are reading him for the first time should perhaps start with the famous sonnet to "My Mother" ("Most near, most dear, most loved and most far") and go on to the startlingly beautiful love poems. And even here, even at the happiest, the conflict is not resolved.

"The ache at the break of the heart
Is nothing: a pearl knows this.
What remains eternally intolerable is always
The justice, the justice."

LOUIS MACNEICE's new collection, *Springboard* (FABER, 6/-), has a theme which runs through it and ties it together—individualism, or saving your own humanity alive. This, he says in the long poem that ends the book, is the Kingdom—the Kingdom of individuals who can call their soul and everything else their own, "these are the people who know in their bones the answer." The idea is deeply moving and important to every one of us on the brink of a State-controlled world. And by this high standard the poet tests a group of people—the Conscript, the Mixer, the Satirist, the Libertine. The conscript, "banded from camp to camp to practise killing," has saved his personal dignity; the mixer "with a pert moustache and a ready candid smile" has his tragedy also, but it has made him spiritually dry and empty. By this light, too, we can read "Neutrality," a beautiful lyric on the tragedy of Ireland, and "The Casualty: In Memoriam, G.H.S." In these new poems, LOUIS MACNEICE's sardonic gift and his almost morbid fear of anything that is too easy have repaid him a hundredfold.

P. M. F.

Witchcraft

In her detailed and picturesque account of *Witchcraft in England* (BATSFORD, 21/-) MISS CHRISTINA HOLE takes the view that the belief in witches was the product of superstitious dreads which "scientific discovery and wider education" have largely eradicated. The present state of the world hardly suggests that scientific discovery and wider education have inaugurated an age of sanity and wisdom. Astrology, fortune-telling, faith-healing and other branches of occultism have probably as many devotees at present as in any previous time, as indeed MISS HOLE allows when she writes "Belief in magic is almost as old as the human race and, however it may be derided by the sceptical, it shows no signs whatever of dying out as yet." This book would be more satisfactory if MISS HOLE had not dismissed an immemorial belief as a mere product of the fear of the unknown. There is nothing inherently improbable in the belief that there are hidden forces which can be operated by persons gifted with occult powers. But that such persons are rare, and that witchcraft and necromancy have, on the whole, been based on nothing more than an exploitation, not always deliberate, of human fears and credulity is the conclusion to which the many vivid and gruesome stories from our past collected by MISS HOLE will doubtless incline most readers. In its earlier phases witchcraft, at least in these islands, was not so sinister as it became later. In some districts it was merely a survival of pagan rites, with no hint of devil-worship, and even the Church did not always condemn it, for in 1282 the priest of Inverkeithing led a fertility dance through his churchyard in which all his parishioners joined. The persecution of witches set in with the Reformation. Witchcraft was now a form of heresy, and for two and a half centuries thousands of alleged witches, men, women and children, were burnt all over Europe. The result of witchcraft being treated as a crime was that its practitioners became increasingly criminal, and in many instances did undoubtedly bring deaths about, sometimes by suggestion, more often by poison. But most of those who were burnt or hanged as witches were innocent of any crime, and in 1736 a milder and more sceptical age at last abolished the penal laws against witchcraft, to the

dismay of the orthodox, John Wesley affirming that to give up witchcraft was to give up the Bible. H. K.

The Gay Science

It seems to be the first aim of any self-elected élite to burn such bridges as exist between itself and ordinary mortals, and in no domain of art have artists and critics flung fewer pontoons from bank to bank than in that of modern music. Because music cannot describe facts, the critic has to suggest its capacities to the inexpert with more than common sympathy and with unusual understanding of music's affinity with other arts. This Mr. NEVILLE CARDUS has done. He has written *Ten Composers* (CAPE, 8/6) to please himself, rejoicing to do so away from the coterie-fashions of Europe; and he has envisaged the self to be pleased as a normal civilized human being. Starting with Schubert, while the last arpeggios of the *Kammermusik* are dying away, he goes on to offer a brilliant tribute to Wagner: for what are we—says gratitude for unforgettable experiences—to throw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head? Brahms is the one composer for a desert island, if only one were allowed; and these three, and Elgar, stand for the more contagious fervours of a wholly enjoyable book. With Mahler, Strauss, Franck, Debussy, Delius and Sibelius, the pattern common to all ten studies renders the background even more interesting than the figures themselves. H. P. E.

The Happy Turning

It is fifty years since H. G. WELLS's *Time Machine* was published, and now the same firm brings out *The Happy Turning* (HEINEMANN, 6/-), which has for its sub-title "A Dream of Life." The sub-title suggests a serene valediction, "bedewed with meditative tears, dropped from the lenient cloud of years," to quote from the only post-Elizabethan poet who, one gathers from this book, enjoys Mr. WELLS's esteem. Such a valediction may have been what Mr. WELLS intended, for he opens with a delightful account of the dreamland into which he has of late escaped from his waking preoccupation with the war. In a recurring dream he sets out for his daily walk and suddenly notices a turning he had previously overlooked, and at once he is walking more briskly than he ever walked before, up hill and down dale, through unhopied-for scenes of happiness. This turning, he says, has led him into a dreamland that perhaps prefigures the paradise into which a cleansed and liberated world will pass "out of the base and angry conflicts which distract us from wholesome living." Unfortunately the lyrical benignant element in his nature is, as so often happens in his work, abruptly displaced by the cross-grained disputatious element. The companion he finds most congenial in his dreamland is, he tells us, Jesus of Nazareth, yet his colloquies with Jesus elucidate little except his own hatred of the Christian churches. In the last chapter, which treats of his love of poetry, there are flashes of enthusiasm, but here, too, he is stirred more deeply by what he hates than by what he loves. H. K.

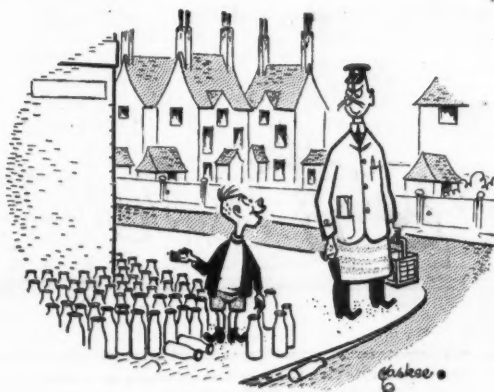
Figs from Thistles

Whether the conventual life is or is not part of the Anglican inheritance, it was so effectively jettisoned at the Reformation that its revival presents peculiar difficulties and opportunities. It is the difficulties that are stressed in *The Only Door Out* (FABER, 8/6), a sensitive, thoughtful, but not very profound study of a girl who joins a Church of

England sisterhood as the result of "one act of lightning apprehension" of the existence of God. Miss MARY WILKES is more critical of her unfortunate heroine—whose superiors sum her up as an intellectual and physical snob—than of the two milieus which fail to give a character so malleable the training they exist to bestow. The atmosphere of *Lucy's* Oxford college is childish enough; but at least the girl has young companionship, which she is too self-centred to appreciate, and her set has the sense to see that "careers" for women are second-bests. No hint of the educational fervours of such Anglicans as Thring seems to have reached the teaching sisterhood *Lucy* finally enters; and it has still less notion of the more exotic technique of handling a novice. In these circumstances a happy ending can only be brought about—as it is—by collusion between Divine Providence and the novelist. H. P. E.

The Nature of Courage

In *The Anatomy of Courage* (CONSTABLE, 8/6) Lord MORAN sets down the result of a long inquiry. The inquiry—why some men are braver than others, and how much these men can endure—began when he was a medical officer in France in the last war. His diary then provides the case-book (which shows the physician, too) which he examines now in the light of much recent special information. It is all strictly practical. Lord MORAN desires to learn how men in war may be made brave and kept brave—and therefore be good soldiers. Not for him, then, the exquisite if useless fascination of following intricacies of motive and behaviour for their own strange sakes: he is of another generation, anyhow, and brave men come of "good stock," and so on. This purpose and this judgment, admirable in themselves, are not necessarily ideal preparations for such a piece of research, and yet the truth of some of his conclusions seems unquestionable. Courage, he says, is a matter of will-power, the ability to make a proper choice between fighting and running away, the ability to prefer the common good to personal safety. And if you wish not to lose your courage, keep active, never stop to think—there speaks the practical man! It is curious too to observe the tell-tale oddities of the practical man: this immensely interesting diary insists, for instance, on the importance of neither ducking nor taking cover if you want to remain brave. Lord MORAN is not an arrogant author; his conclusions, he knows, are tentative; and he will be glad to start men arguing. J. S.



"I've collected these for you."

Slippery Slap-Stick

"YOU'VE got the idea?" said Smith. "Don't lift stick above shoulder. Don't shoot till you're in the area. Though," added our hockey expert, as he led out two teams of soldiers, "I'm afraid the going's a bit slippery."

It was. A night's thaw had ended a week's frost and under a film of mud the sub-soil was frozen stiff. Slippery? It was glacial. It was murder.

Hewitt vaulted the ropes. His feet struck the earth, but instead of sticking fast as in duty bound, they took off like a Spitfire and landed a surprised Hewitt on his undercarriage.

"Hell!" said Hewitt, struggling up, "Where's my stick?"

He stooped for it and fell flat.

So warned, we took the field like cats on hot bricks, till Smith suddenly threw out the ball. Eager and forgetful we swung at it. Swung at it in line, the sticks flashing in our purposeful hands. And oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then you and I and all of us fell down. And the ball went by untouched.

"I forgot to mention," said Smith, "that the game is played in the upright position."

We bullied off. There was the ritual rapping of sticks between the centres, then they struck. I don't quite know what happened. What I saw was the two of them locked in fantastic partnership, about, about, in reel and rout, at an angle that no man can keep. They fell with their arms round each other's necks and the two sticks gambolled amicably away together.

"We'll try that again," said our centre, breathlessly rising.

"I'd rather you bullied off," said Smith.

We got going eventually and the

field cautiously spread out. There was some insecure passing, a hesitant drive or two, some shaky dribbling, then the devil entered into us and we went all out. What followed was chaos and black night. Wherever the ball went, desperate mêlées broke out. Men furrowed the mud with their chins; they described parabolas and figures-of-eight; they did independent fandangos or *pas-de-deux*. We slid, slipped, skidded. We crowned each other with our clubs. And in and out of season we fell and fell again and rose and fell once more. The ball alone was safe.

"Some of you couldn't keep your feet on a wooden floor," said Smith, resignedly catching a back.

We got a working formula after a bit. If two opponents went for a ball they approached at a slow canter, like thoughtful knights to a joust. Then they struck, alternately. And got up alternately. It cut competition, but it saved wrapping sticks round each other's heads. And sooner or later the ball was dispatched, usually by another player.

But who can be wise and amazed, temperate and furious at the same time, as Macbeth demanded, excusing his move in a different game? Enthusiasm would get the better of us. There'd be a sudden opening, or a nicely-running ball and away would go discretion, off would go restraint, up would go the stick, and down would go the player. It was, when you come to think of it, like tragedy. Temptation, presumption, catastrophe—the chastisement of hubris. We walked on ice and came to earth with a bump.

But Smith was exempt, immune as the chorus. And like it, disposed to nasty cracks.

It was he, when Brown changed direction too quickly and whizzed by on his knees, who ejaculated one word—"Praying?" It was he who fielded Thompson when he crossed the touch-line in a whirling arc with: "Catherine-wheel: come off your pin, have you?" And it was he who walked leisurely the length of the field to where our goalie was madly trying to clear and tapped the ball into the net. "Put your scythe away," said Smith, "and pick up your hour-glass."

For an hour we stuck it, then we gave in. Twenty gasping men, who had hit the ball perhaps once each, leaned on their sticks and gibbered.

"Come, come!" said Smith, "one of you is bound to stand up in the end."

Thompson turned to glare and went on to fall. He decided to stay down.

"You might even score," went on Smith with I know not what sincerity.

Brown shook his fist. A rash gesture. He joined Thompson on the ground.

"The thing to do is to brace yourself to the conditions," said Smith, "not to take it lying down."

"See," said Smith, "plant your feet and swing your stick easily but firmly. So." He drove the ball with a neat vigour down the pitch and, unperturbed by the cataleptic activity of the goalie, shepherded it into the net.

I think then we all fell off our sticks. The goalie buried his face in his hands.

Not till our grateful feet had the rough boards of the pavilion under them did we relax again. Smith followed us in, whistling.

"It's a matter of muscular sense," he said. "If you poise your body..."

A crash made us spin round.

Smith had fallen flat on the floor...

I have spoken before of the chastisement of hubris.



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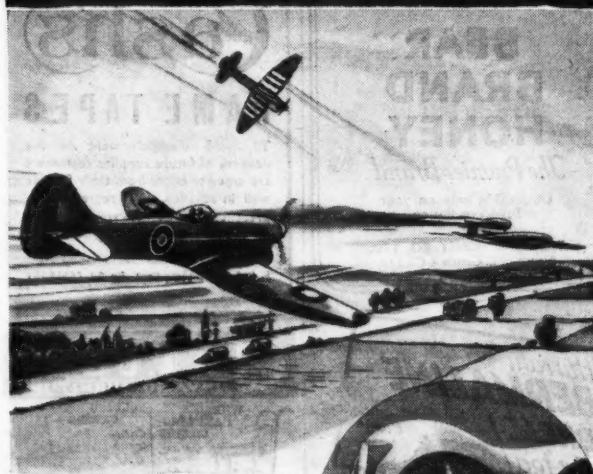
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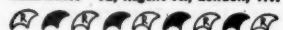
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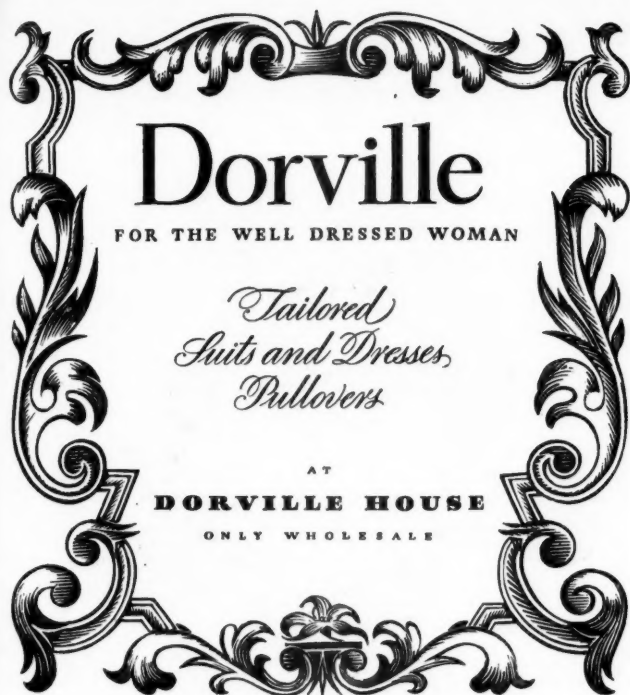
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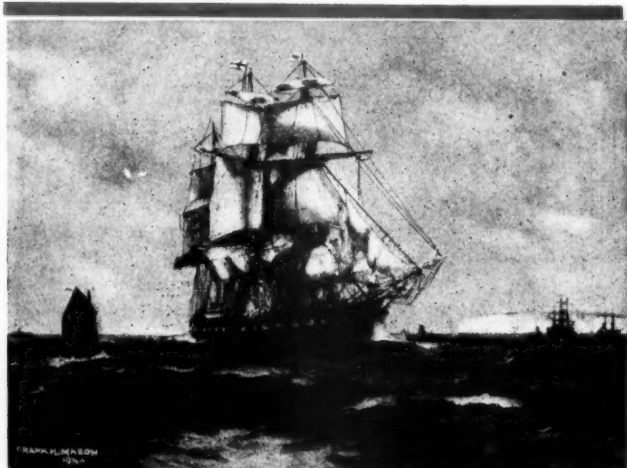
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